

6. One-half bushel to the acre.
7. I let the corn stand until perfectly ripe and cut before the frost touches it.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Horticultural.

THE CASCO AND SOUTH HAVEN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the South Haven and Casco Pomological Society was held Monday evening, May 20th, President Lanning presiding. The discussion was on our insect pests and their destruction.

J. G. Ramsdell—I think there are more curculio this year than I have ever before known so early in the season, but then the season is earlier. The curculio worm while very numerous has done little damage to me, as yet. The current worm is decreasing while the current borer is growing more destructive. This year is the first I have ever known of their attacking the Victoria currant, but this may be because growing in the shade the bark is more tender than that grown in the sun, and they can bore through it. The black currant has been attacked and the Red Dutch and Fay's are badly injured. So long as the currant does not make a strong hardy growth it is hardly worth while to cultivate it. It is too early for the codling moth.

C. J. Monroe—I see that some of the agricultural papers had several columns last week devoted to insect pests and giving statements of their ravages in the fruit regions earlier than ours. They have rarely been so destructive and we are likely to have them here with the same results. We must look sharply after them and have a remedy that will destroy, not drive away. Some here, who have made examination, have found these insects unusually numerous. There is a fine promise of all small fruits, as well as pears, apples and peaches, except in some localities. My plums are set full.

W. H. Conley—The strawberry midge has not put in an appearance yet. I do not find many curculio either; on six trees I only got nineteen by jarring. Cut worms, while numerous, have not troubled me, but at Mr. Humphrey's, on sandy soil the cut worm was eating the strawberries very badly.

J. S. Matthews—I went out last Friday and caught, by jarring, 500 curculio on 40 or 50 trees. This morning I only got 50. I was surprised to find so many so early in the season. I think we should catch and kill them, not drive them to our neighbors. O. F. Dean—The cut worm has done me no harm. I tried my plum trees and caught 30 or 40 curculio to each tree. I have sprayed my trees with one pound London purple to 200 gallons of water. I do not know whether it will kill them or not but shall give it a thorough trial.

J. Lanning—One week ago I examined my gooseberry bushes and found the gooseberry worm quite numerous. I sprayed the bushes with London purple, one teaspoonful to a pail of water, and they have disappeared. The twig borer is quite numerous on my young peaches. It is a little black worm that bores down and lays its eggs in the soft wood. I do not know how to kill them except to pinch them off. The curculio has done me no damage. I was surprised to see the work of the curculio. They commence by cutting a crescent shaped cut in which they deposit their eggs. I have seen as many as six or seven cuts on one plum. In three or four weeks the egg hatches a white maggot, which eats into the pit before it hardens, the fruit falls and the worm goes into the ground. They attack the stone fruit because that falls to the ground. I think they are the most destructive pest we have. We do not know just what they live on. I think spraying the plum should be done gently and not applied with force as to the apple, for the plum is a more delicate fruit and should be treated gently. Just one thing I do know, that spraying will preserve the fruit.

W. H. PAYNE, Sec.

The Pomological Society met at their rooms June 3 to continue the discussion of the insects injurious to fruit.

O. Beebe—I have jarred my trees and sprayed my peach orchard thoroughly. I was all over the orchard to-day but found few curculio. I do not think they can work in the cold wet weather of the past week. In jarring I got from 30 to 40 to the tree. I do not know if London purple will kill them or not; some mailers like the silk miller do not eat and I do not think the curculio does. In the apple the blossom stands erect and holds the poison and the grub eats it and dies.

L. Shumway—I find my peaches very free from the sting of the curculio. I had blossoms enough for a full crop, but some varieties dropped before they set and since then I think one-fourth of them have dropped after getting as large as peas. I hardly know the cause, but think it may be the effect of cold wet weather.

C. J. Monroe—I have used the pump for spraying that has a return hose in the barrel that keeps the London purple thoroughly stirred up. I went over my cherries, plums and pears, but the weather since has been unfavorable and I cannot report the effect. Prof. Dewitt—I have been using lime and carbolic acid, and the neighbors complain I am driving the curculio to them, so to-day I used the bugging sheet and from 50 plum trees I got 300 curculio, but as the day was cold they were somewhat dormant.

O. F. Dean—I have sprayed my trees three times and I find but few curculio to-day, as it is so cold and wet. I tried the lime and acid method last year thoroughly, and 48 hours after using it I jarred the trees and got a good crop of curculio.

The Secretary—I have heard considerable complaint of what was called the non-fertilization of the peach bloom, and I cannot help but think that this and the dropping of the sets was caused by previous injury to the vitality of the trees by the freezing of last winter. Many of the buds that showed but a slight discoloring when cut, and were pronounced good, were sufficiently injured to destroy the vitality but not enough to prevent blossoming. I sprayed with London purple, one pound to 200 gallons of water, some plum trees and after 48 hours put the bugging sheet under and jarred the trees. I got lots of dead curculio and but two live ones. Reuben Jones told me to-day that he used the London purple last year with the same effect and that he found many dead curculio. We are told by experts that the poison will not kill them because they do not eat; and there is a great deal of doubt on

the subject, which I think we can remove as well as anybody for we have the ways and means to do so. One experiment is not conclusive, but all the members of this Society can test it by spraying some plum trees, putting the bugging sheet under to catch any curculio that may fall, and after 48 hours jar the tree and note the result; if any curculio are found seemingly dead put them in a bottle for future reference.

A. H. Cook—I have watched this question of fruit buds very closely since they were injured in the winter and I feel sure that many of the buds that had but a slight discolor and were pronounced all right by one of the professors at Lansing, were fatally injured and that this is the main cause of the dropping of the buds after they were set to fruit.

W. H. PAYNE, Sec.

Nature of Insecticides.

A late bulletin of the Ohio Experiment Station divides insecticides into internal poisons, or those which take effect by being eaten along with the ordinary food of the insect; and external irritants, or those which act from the outside—closing the breathing pores, or causing death by irritation of the skin. The composition and effects of some of them are outlined by the bulletin as follows:

Paris green is a chemical combination of arsenic and copper, called arsenite of copper. It contains about fifty-five or sixty per cent of arsenic, and retails at about thirty cents per pound. It is practically insoluble in water, and may be applied either dry or wet. In the former case it should be well mixed with some fine powder as a diluent. Plaster, air-slacked lime, flour, road-dust, and finely-sifted wood ashes, all answer the purpose fairly well, though lime or plaster are usually preferable. The proportion of poison to diluent varies greatly with different users—one part poison to fifty, and even one hundred of diluent will usually be effective, if the mixing be thoroughly done. In the wet mixture for fruit and shade trees use one pound poison to 150 gallons water, and keep well stirred when using. The chief objection to Paris green is that it is so heavy that it settles quickly to the bottom of the vessel—very much more quickly than London purple. It is also more expensive.

London purple is a by-product in the manufacture of aniline dyes, produced by Hemingway's London Purple Company, of London, England. It contains nearly the same percentage of arsenic as Paris green, and is much cheaper, retailing at about fifteen cents per pound. It is a finer powder than the green, and consequently remains in suspension much longer. It may be used in the same way—as a powder or in water—and in the proportions as given above.

White arsenic is sometimes recommended as an insecticide, but, fortunately, is rarely used. It is much more dangerous to have around than either of the above highly-colored compounds, and in practice is very liable to burn the foliage to which it is applied.

The principal substances used for killing insects, by contact, are the following: Hellebore is a powder made of the roots of a plant called white hellebore (*Veratrum album*). It is a vegetable poison, but much less dangerous than the mineral arsenical poisons; and kills both by contact and by being eaten. It may be applied as a dry powder or in water, an ounce to three gallons. It retails at about 25 cents a pound, and is especially excellent for destroying the imported currant worm.

Pyrethrum is an insecticide of recent introduction, made from the powdered flowers of plants of the genus *Pyrethrum*. There are three principal brands upon the market, known as Persian insect powder, Dalmatian insect powder, and Buhach—the latter being a California product. The greatest obstacle to the use of Pyrethrum has been the difficulty of obtaining the pure, fresh article. If exposed to the air, the poisonous principle volatilizes, and the powder is worthless. Hence dealers should purchase a fresh supply each season, and should keep it in airtight vessels. Pyrethrum is used mainly either as a dry powder or in water (one ounce to three gallons); but may also be used in the form of a tea, or a decoction, a tincture, or an alcoholic extract diluted. For use as a dry powder it may advantageously be diluted with six or eight parts of flour. It is especially excellent for clearing rooms of flies and mosquitoes, and for killing the common cabbage worm. It is practically harmless to man and the higher animals.

Kerosene emulsion is made by adding two parts of kerosene to one part of a solution made by dissolving half a pound of hard soap in one gallon of boiling water, and churning this mixture through a force pump with a rather small nozzle until the whole forms a creamy mass which will thicken into a jelly-like substance on cooling. The soap solution should be hot when the kerosene is added, but, of course, must not be near a fire. The emulsion thus made is to be diluted, before using, with nine parts cold water. This substance destroys a large number of insects, such as the chinch bug, cabbage worm, and white grub; and is a comparatively cheap and effective insecticide. Besides its use as an emulsion, kerosene alone is frequently used for various pests. It is especially valuable in destroying vermin on domestic animals and in hen houses.

Carbolic acid, particularly in its crude state, is valuable for various insecticidal purposes. An excellent wash for preventing the injuries of several tree borers is made by mixing one quart soft soap with two gallons of water, heating to boiling, and then adding a pint of crude carbolic acid. Carbolic acid soaps are much used for vermin on domestic animals.

Tobacco is a very valuable insecticide for vermin on domestic animals and on greenhouse pests. It may be used in the form of a decoction, a smoke, or dry. The refuse stems from the cigar factories are generally easy to obtain, and, if fresh, are effective in destroying the pests mentioned.

Bisulphide of carbon is a volatile substance used for destroying grain insects, ants, the grape phylloxera, and other insects which may be reached by a vapor. It is inflammable and should never be used in the vicinity of a fire.

Benzine is another volatile substance used for much the same purposes as the last. Gasoline may also be mentioned in the same connection. Remember always that this vapor of benzine and gasoline forms an explosive mixture with air, and takes fire from a long distance.

Coal tar has been largely used in the west

for destroying Rocky Mountain locusts, being placed on flat pans, on which the insects jump and are caught. It is also employed to prevent the migration of the chinch bug. A shallow Y-shaped channel is made with the corner of a hose along the borders of the field to be protected, and tar poured in. So long as the tar does not dry out, the immature bugs can not cross it.

Lime and plaster are excellent for use in preventing the depredations of certain insects. Plaster may be dusted on melon and other vines to drive off flea-beetles; and fresh slacked lime may be dusted, or sprayed (a peck to 50 gals. water) on grapes, peaches, etc., to prevent rose-beetle injuries.

The Grape-Leaf Hopper.

Professor C. H. Fernald, of the Massachusetts Experiment Station, gives the following account, in a recent bulletin, of the nature of the attacks of this insect, and of the best means of fighting it.

Leaf-hoppers do not consume the substance of the leaves, but, forcing their tube-like mouth-parts through the epidermis or skin, suck the sap from the interior. The leaves first indicate the presence of these insects by becoming yellowish or brownish in small spots where the sap has been exhausted. As the insects increase in size and take more sap, these spots grow larger and the whole leaf appears as though scorched, turning brown and even falling off in cases where the hoppers are very abundant. The result is that as the leaves are injured, the growth of the stems is checked, the fruit is stunted or fails to ripen, and if the ravages of these insects are not prevented, the vines become entirely ruined in a few years. Some varieties of grapes are especially liable to suffer from the leaf-hoppers, as the Delaware, Clinton, and in general all varieties having thin leaves. The abundance of these insects from year to year seems to depend on the severity of the winter and their ability to obtain protected places for shelter.

The remedies should vary according to the location of the vines. If they are in grapevines, smoking them with tobacco, taking care to prevent the escape of the smoke, has been tried with good results. Similar treatment with Persian insect powder poured upon burning coals carried under the vines is also successful. Spraying with strong tobacco water or soapsuds, dusting with lime, sulphur and lime, hellebore and cayenne pepper are all recommended but have not yet been tested here.

In vineyards, the treatment is more difficult, as the adult insects can fly away and thus avoid the fumes of tobacco or insect powder. If fumigating be attempted in the field, it should be done several times at intervals of a day or two, and before the hoppers develop their wings, that is, in this State the last of July or the first of August. It is always desirable to destroy these insects early, before they are large enough to greatly affect the vines, and before the energy of the plant, that should be devoted to ripening its fruit, is required to repair the damage inflicted on its leaves. If fumigation in the field be tried, its success will be much increased by using a small canvas tent which can be let down over the vines and kept there for a little time to retain the smoke, though entirely satisfactory results will hardly be obtained in this way. Another method of some value is to carry lighted torches through the vineyard at night, beating the vines lightly at the same time. The insects will be attracted to the light as they fly from the disturbed vines and perish in the flames. It is well, also, to remove all rubbish from near the vines, and frequently rake the ground late in fall and early in spring, to expose the insects to the frosts.

Blood Oranges.

"There are more blood oranges in the market this spring than I ever knew before," said a wholesale fruit dealer, "and there seems to be a constant demand for them. What people can see in them that is especially fine I have never been able to discover. To me they are as insipid as grape fruit, and that is a fruit about as utterly insipid as anything can well be. It was formerly the universal belief among lovers of the blood orange, and a great many believe so yet, that the fruit was the result of grafting the orange and the pomegranate, but that is a fable. The blood orange is simply a variety of the common sweet Manila orange, and it originated a century ago by peculiar cultivation of the ordinary orange by a Spanish fruit gardener of the fertile Philippine Islands. Its novelty of color in pulp gained it great popularity, and not only the fruit but the trees it grew on commanded immense prices in the markets of Europe. The blood orange supply formerly came almost entirely from Manila, and was for years one of its chief articles of export. Malaga now almost monopolizes the trade. Philadelphians seem to be the greatest lovers of the blood orange in this country, as the dealers of that city are the largest importers of the fruit."

FLORICULTURAL.

REMEMBER to pick off the first blooms of your zinnias. The first flowers are always single and should be picked at once; those that come later will be fine double flowers.

The dahlias will appreciate liberal applications of the wash day soap suds. They are coarse, strong growing plants, and to sustain their rank growth need plenty of fertilizer and moisture.

PLANTS of ageratum—a pretty annual which deserves to be better known, are sold at the stalls of the Central market in this city at ten cents apiece. The blue of the blossom is very soft and pretty, and the plant when compactly grown, is desirable for house culture.

CHOICE flowers can be sent through the mail safely and without damage by wilting by scoping out a raw potato and inserting the stem in the cavity. Fasten the potato securely in a light box, lay the flower on damp cotton, with its stem in the potato, cover with cotton, and the box can be sent safely for a long distance.

It is stated that a rapid growth of thrifty rose-shoots may be promoted by the use of root-water. The application has, at any rate, the advantage of costing nothing. Some soot is to be collected from a chimney

or stove, put into an old pitcher, and then hot water is to be poured upon the contents. When cold the mixture is to be used for watering the plants every few days.

PLANT portulaca on the west side of the house. It requires a special location to do its best, and that is where the morning sun will not strike it. On the west side of the house the blossoms will open a little later but will remain much longer, the delicate texture of the petals not being scorched by the sun.

LIME water will kill angleworms in the pots in which plants are grown. The worms do not eat the roots, but it is well known that their presence is injurious to the growth of the plants. A dose of ammonia will also bring them squirreling out of the ground. If they are troublesome in the garden, dust lime over the harrowed surface in quantities sufficient to nearly whiten it.

The Cherokee rose, which has single white flowers and a very graceful habit of growth, is a very fine greenhouse plant. In the South, the plant is evergreen, and large use is made of it for hedges. These, once started, if kept in bounds by an annual pruning, will form a serviceable barrier for many years. At the North, the plant requires greenhouse culture, that is, its roots must be planted in a border, when it will cover the sides of the greenhouse with beautiful green leaves and its large handsome buds.

The walking fern, *Campyloneurum rhizophyllum*, is a curious plant and rare. It is found in several localities in the southern mountains, and at once attracts the observer by its curious manner of growth. It has a leaf at first heart shaped and fern-like, growing upon a slender stem, but the leaf rapidly narrows and becomes a long, narrow, tapering extension, which bends over and takes root at its extremity, thus making a new plant, and covering the ground by steps, as it were, leaving the leaves looped over.

Boston churches are accustomed to donate the floral decorations of Easter day to the children of the Sunday schools and missions. Through the influence of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the decorations this year consisted more largely than usual of potted plants. About five thousand plants were given away in this manner by the churches, and being more lasting than cut flowers, proved a greater source of pleasure to the recipients.

MR. MEEHAN says that though it is generally supposed that the evolution of the pansy, in its present size and exquisite coloring, is an achievement of modern horticultural skill, an old English horticultural work, *Hortus Floridus*, published 200 years ago, has pictures of pansies just as large and fine as our modern ones. Mr. Meehan puts the question whether florists of those early times had the seductive methods of the modern seedsmen and florists, or were the pansies of those days as fine as those of the present.

A WRITER in the *Country Gentleman*, treating the planting of the petunia, says: "Only after many years' experience have I learned the following: In transplanting from the seed-bed I at first took the dark-green leaved plants which seemed strong and healthy, and left the small ones with yellowish curled leaves, and my plants gave me only common flowers. Then one season having sown but few seeds, all the plants were saved, and those that I would otherwise have thrown away, proved to be the choicest of the strains, with blooms of unsurpassed beauty."

Horticultural Items.

The use of Paris green in solution as prepared for spraying apple trees, proves fatal to the peach. The solution must be considerably diluted.

PROF. BEAL has arrived at the conclusion that chopped straw makes the best mulch for strawberries and other plants. Corn fodder, cut two inches long also served a good purpose.

A MINNESOTA horticulturist raises peaches in the following fashion: He cuts the roots upon two sides—opposite—bends the tree to the ground, and covers it with litter of almost any kind. By using earth for the covering, if too much is put on, the young twigs and branches are apt to smother off.

The *Country Gentleman* notes that small trees, when transplanted, almost invariably do better than larger ones. Better roots are secured for the small trees, they bear the shock of removal better, root faster and make handsome trees than the overgrown ones. This is true of both forest and nursery trees.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has had the great *Alnus* trees in the Capitol grounds at Washington, planted by Andrew Jackson in 1825, when he was president, cut down, because of their very offensive odor when in bloom. The trees have been an annoyance to successive presidents, but none heretofore have ventured to order their removal.

The State Board of Horticulture of California will petition the Secretary of Agriculture to send a special agent to Australia, whose business shall be to collect and export into this country such parasites as are there found to be destructive to the various scale insects which have been imported here, and are now disastrous to the fruit interests of California.

J. M. STALL, in the *Country Gentleman*, says: "The good points of some things become their great faults. It is so with the cherry. Of all our tree fruits it does best in thick soil, in out-of-the-way places, where the ground is trampled solid. And because it will fruit without care or culture, such conditions are almost its common lot. If to the cherry had been given that thought and care, that effort to obtain better varieties or to improve by enriched soil and sedulous tillage the varieties we have, that have been given to the apple and pear, we should have a fruit that would be highly prized, and the results would be gratifying."

THE Benton Harbor *Palladium* says, apropos of our May frosts, that blackberries are materially injured, and only sixty per cent of a crop can be expected. Raspberries fared better. Grapes in some situations were entirely killed, while others escaped unhurt. The cold rainy weather which followed the frosts was a boon to strawberries, which have in large measure recovered the damage. The first crate of this fruit was shipped on the

28th, from Stevensville. The plantations of Sharpless seemed to suffer most severely. Mr. R. Bronson lost two acres on which the fruit was nicely set. Melon farms were ruined by the frosts.

MR. PEACE, of the Grand River Valley Horticultural Society, said at the meeting at Mr. H. C. Hoxadone's, that one of his neighbors sprayed his apple trees while in bloom and the result had been disastrous to his bees. He had taken 55 colonies out of his cellar without having lost one during the winter. The bees were in very fine condition. The other morning he went out and found his dooryard full of dead and dying bees. They had rested on a neighbor's tree and were poisoned with the Paris green sprayed on the trees. His loss had been a great one, as the 55 colonies were storing honey and were well filled with brood, and the poison had been disastrous. Mr. Peace stated that it was unnecessary, and a waste of time and material to spray apple trees while in bloom, as the bees were liable to come and wash the poison before there was any occasion for it. Mr. Peace estimates his loss at not less than \$500.

Apiarian.

For the Michigan Farmer.
THE FIRST YEAR OF BEEKEEPING.
Honey Producing Crops.

As many inquiries have been received in regard to honey producing plants, perhaps a short article on crops that pay both as a crop and for honey would be timely. For a line article of hay and honey the Ailsa clover undoubtedly stands at the head. It is pronounced by dairymen far superior to the red clover and timothy, or even corn stalks, for milch cows. The seed matures with the first crop and ripens at the same time the timothy does, and makes beautiful hay. Sown together the stalks are less woody, more branching and absolutely free from dust. It yields seed in abundance, which brings about 30 per cent more per bushel than the common clover. The seeds are much smaller, and it requires but two-thirds as much seed as the common clover, consequently it costs no more for seeding. Farmers differ as to the best time and the best crop with which to seed, but I think those who have tried buckwheat admit that it leaves the ground in the best possible condition. You are all familiar with the common buckwheat and the silver hull, but three years ago there was an importation made from Japan that bids fair to exterminate all other varieties. At that time I paid at the rate of eight dollars per bushel for some of the seed. It can now be had for two dollars per bushel.

Below I give you an excellent cut of this new variety, an extract from the pen of A. T. Root, of Medina, Ohio, and also one from our most excellent friend, Prof. A. J. Cook, of the Michigan Agricultural College.

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DETROIT, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1889.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-Office as second class matter.

STOCK SALES IN MICHIGAN.

The following dates have been selected by Michigan breeders for sales of improved stock:

JUNE 6. D. Henning, Battle Creek, Shorthorn and Hereford cattle. J. A. Mann, Auctioneer. JUNE 12. C. F. Moore, St. Clair, Shorthorns. J. A. Mann, Auctioneer.

OCTOBER 24. A. W. Russell, Pewamo, Shorthorns and Poland-Chinas.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 103,116 bu., against 50,472 bu. the previous week, and 46,331 bu. for corresponding week in 1888. Shipments for the week were 100,835 bu., against 22,127 bu. the previous week, and 42,016 bu. the corresponding week last year. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to \$4,999 bu., against \$8,590 bu. last week, and 300,040 bu. at the corresponding date in 1888. The visible supply of this grain on June 1 was 20,205,816 bu., against 21,284,885 bu. the previous week, and 20,425,430 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. This shows a decrease from the amount reported the previous week of 1,078,569 bushels. As compared with a year ago the visible supply shows a decrease of 6,219,610 bu.

The market has been steadier the past week, and even shows considerable firmness. Dealers are becoming alarmed at the steadily decreasing supply, light stocks in the country, and the chances of a much better demand for the next crop from Europe than has been expected. It is also certain that the outlook in the spring wheat region is not nearly so bright as before the cold weather of May set in. No. 1 white is scarce and firm, and closes higher than on Monday. Other grades of spring wheat lower. All futures are higher, and close stiffer. New York and Chicago close higher yesterday. St. Louis was also higher. Liverpool was quiet and unchanged.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat in this market from May 15th to June 7th inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
May 15	94	94	94
" 16	94	94	94
" 17	94	94	94
" 18	94	94	94
" 19	94	94	94
" 20	94	94	94
" 21	94	94	94
" 22	94	94	94
" 23	94	94	94
" 24	94	94	94
" 25	94	94	94
" 26	94	94	94
" 27	94	94	94
" 28	94	94	94
" 29	94	94	94
" 30	94	94	94
June 1	94	94	94
" 2	94	94	94
" 3	94	94	94
" 4	94	94	94
" 5	94	94	94
" 6	94	94	94
" 7	94	94	94

Futures are more active, and show a general advance since Monday. The market closes strong on all the deals of the closing prices on the various deals. In futures each day during the past week:

	June	July	Aug.	Sept.
Saturday	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2
Sunday	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2
Monday	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2
Tuesday	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2
Wednesday	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2
Thursday	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2
Friday	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2

California's 60,000,000 bushel wheat crop is beginning to decline. It is now estimated at 40 to 45 millions of bushels. We noticed this matter two months ago, and predicted the crop would be less than 40,000,000 bushels. It looks now more like 35,000,000.

The drought which has been a feature the last three seasons in this State has evidently left for good. It still rains.

The "bulls," and there are yet a few lingering around the wheat market, think, or say that wheat is a good buy at present prices.

Reports have been received the past week that the Russian wheat crop is likely to be the poorest for a number of years. The Austro-Hungary wheat crop is said to be very unpromising, and cannot be an average one this year.

Telegrams from the Northwest say that wheat has been down to the spring wheat by unfavorable weather conditions than is generally supposed or admitted.

The following table shows the quantity of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in the United States, Canada, and on passage to Great Britain and the Continent of Europe:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	23,462,701
On passage for United Kingdom	13,295,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	4,600,000
Total bushels May 11, 1889	38,357,701
Total previous week	40,125,475
Total two weeks ago	42,694,734
Total May 18, 1888	51,137,380

The estimated receipts of foreign and home-grown wheat in the English markets during the week ending May 25 were 443,300 bu. more than the estimated consumption; and for the eight weeks end-

ing May 11 the receipts are estimated to have been 119,656 bu. less than the consumption. The receipts show an increase for those eight weeks of 5,434,834 bu. as compared with the corresponding eight weeks in 1888.

Shipments of wheat from India for the week ending May 25, 1889, as per special cable to the New York Produce Exchange, aggregated 330,000 bu., of which 400,000 bu. were for the United Kingdom and 420,000 for the Continent. The shipments for the previous week, as cable, amounted to 1,100,000 bushels, of which 720,000 went to the United Kingdom, and 380,000 to the Continent. The shipments from that country from April 1, the beginning of the crop year, to May 25, aggregated 9,960,000 bu., of which 6,000,000 bu. went to the United Kingdom, and 3,960,000 bu. to the Continent. For the corresponding period in 1888 the shipments were 9,180,000 bu. The wheat on passage from India May 15 was estimated at 1,180,000 bu. One year ago the quantity was 3,050,000 bu.

The Liverpool market on Friday was quoted quiet with light demand. Quotations for American wheat were as follows: No. 2 winter, 6s. 4 1/2 d. per cental; No. 2 spring, 7s. 1 1/2 d. 7/8. 3/4 d.; California No. 1, 6s. 8 1/2 d. 6/8, 9/4 d.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 16,501 bu., against 30,056 bu. the previous week, and 13,650 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. Shipments for the week were 1,736 bu., against 45,533 bu. the previous week, and 20,528 bu. for the corresponding week in 1888. The visible supply of corn in the country on June 1st amounted to 11,607,931 bu., against 11,045,936 bu. the previous week, and 9,210,452 bu. at the same date in 1888. The visible supply shows an increase during the week indicated of 561,995 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 56,797 bu., against 45,680 bu. last week, and 31,351 bu. for the corresponding date in 1888. Corn has ruled quiet and rather weak up to yesterday, when the market showed a little more strength. But the latest quotations are still a shade below those of a week ago. No. 2 is quoted here at 34 1/2 c. per bu. for spot, and 35c for July delivery. No. 2 yellow had 36c bid yesterday. The outlook for the next crop is not very encouraging. A considerable area was injured by the May frosts, and where it was not up at that time the seed has probably rotted from the cold rains which have since fallen. Old corn is a good thing to hold on to at present prices. At Chicago corn advanced 1/4 c. yesterday, and is stronger. Spot No. 2 closed at 33 1/2 c., June delivery at 33 1/2 c., and July at 34 1/2 c., and closed firm.

The Liverpool market yesterday was quoted quiet with light demand. New mixed western, 3s. 8 1/2 d. per cental. In futures May sold at 3s. 8 1/2 d., June at 3s. 8 1/2 d., and July at 3s. 8 1/2 d.

OATS.

The receipts at this point for the week were 27,455 bu., against 24,862 bu. for the previous week, and 26,077 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 3,925 bu., against 1,965 bu. the previous week, and none for same week in 1888. The visible supply of this grain on June 1st was 6,355,032 bu., against 6,341,751 bu. the previous week and 5,390,291 at the corresponding date in 1888. The visible supply shows a decrease of 6,719 bu. for the week indicated. Stocks held in store here amount to 23,652 bu., against 18,424 bu. the previous week, and 45,460 bu. the corresponding week in 1888. Oats are rather stronger in this market, and 1/4 c. higher than a week ago. Receipts are about an average for the season, and stocks are light. No. 2 white is selling at 27 1/2 c. per bu., light mixed at 26 1/2 c., and No. 2 mixed at 25 1/2 c. A car of rejected was sold yesterday at 23 1/2 c. The Chicago market has been very dull, but showed a better tone yesterday, when an advance of 1/4 c. was made. No. 2 spot is selling there at 21 1/2 c. per bu., June delivery at 21 1/2 c., and July at 22 1/2 c. Sellers were not inclined to accept these prices at the close. At New York oats are firmer, with a fair demand. Quotations yesterday were as follows: No. 2 white, 34 1/4 c.; mixed western, 26 3/4 c.; white western, 30 3/4 c. In futures No. 2 mixed for June closed at 27 1/2 c., July at 27 1/2 c. and August at 27 1/2 c.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market is in about the same position as a week ago, and values range about as then. While 15c is a possible figure on extra fine dairy, 14c is regarded as the top of the market, and the bulk of sales are made at 12 to 13c per lb. Common stock seems to be unsalable at any price. Creamery is holding up better than dairy, and is quoted steady at 16 to 18c, with special sales a cent or two higher. At present prices it is questionable if there is any money in butter, and it is apparently as low in price comparatively as wheat. At Chicago, while the receipts of butter are rather liberal the demand up to the present time is sufficient to keep stocks well reduced, and the market is steady at the quotations. All classes of buyers are present, and considerable butter is going into cold storage. Stock showing fair flavor sells slowly at a marked discount. Good to fine Western creamery, 15c to 16c per lb.; Elgin district or fancy, 16 1/2 c. to 17c per lb.; choice dairies, 13 to 14c; poor or streaked lots, 7 to 10c. The New York market holds about steady, values being about the same as a week ago. Western dairy is quoted up to 18c for small lots of perfect Elgin or superior goods, but on the open market 17 1/2 c. is the extreme for finest Western, and some lots called fancy have sold at 17c. Next grades under are freely offered at 16 to 16 1/2 c., and from 16c down the feeling is positively weak and irregular. Choice imitation creamery is held about steady. Western dairy packed is irregular in quality, and only selections of closely graded will bring top prices. Western factory quiet and unchanged. Export demand very light.

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

	Bushels.
Creamery, State, fancy, 18c	18c
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Poetry.

"GOOD-BY—GOOD BLESS YOU!"

BY EUGENE FIELD.

I like the Anglo Saxon speech
With its direct revealing—
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Way down into your feelings;
That some folk deem it rude I know,
And therefore they abuse it;
But I have never found it so—
Before all else I choose it.

I don't object that men should stir
The Gallic they have paid for—
With "an revoir," "adieu, ma chere"—
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crowd takes your hand
At parting to address you,
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says, "Good-by—God bless you!"

This seems to me a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned—
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned;
It will become an honest face;
A voice that's sound and cheerful;
It stays the sturdy in his pace
And soothes the weak and fearful;
Into the porch of the ears
It steals with subtle unctuous,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long with pleasing song
It lingers to caress you—
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-by—God bless you!"

I love the words—perhaps, because,
When I was leaving mother,
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befell me;
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving.
She let me hear her breathe,
For fear that might distress me,
But, kissing me, she said good-by,
And asked our God to bless me.

—Chicago News.

TO THE SWEETHEART JUNE.

Here's to my love, and here's to my dove,
And here's to my darling and dear,
From the dew of the rose, as it bourgeons and
blows
I will drink to my sweetheart here.

With the eyes of a lover, I watch her come over
The crest of the purple hill;
My pulses beat at the sound of her feet,
Along the rivers and hills.

For at ever so slight a touch, or so slight,
A tenuous song doth arise,
And as ever so swift the waters drift,
They catch the blue of her eyes.

And where she passes, the emerald grasses,
The flowering garden and glade,
Lift higher and higher, each tender spire,
Of bud, and blossom, and blade.

And the soul of the rose is woe to unclose,
And slip from the heart of death,
To reveal anew in the sun and the dew,
At the touch of her balmy breath.

Then drink to her health and drink to her wealth
Of Summer bloom and cheer,
As through the grasses she lightly passes,
The sweetheart of the year.

—Nova Perry, in Youth's Companion.

Miscellaneous.

WHY THEY DIDN'T SETTLE MR. LINDSAY.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Mr. Lindsay was preaching in the Lennox parish on probation; that is, he had been engaged for the year. After that time, if he suited Miss Rich, who had the parish in charge, so to speak, who canvassed for money to paint the church, looked up poor children for christening and the Sunday school, exhorting the young people to join the confirmation class, mapped out work for the sewing society, planted the church Christmas tree, and made the parish her hobby—If he suited Miss Rich, if he was high Church enough for Mr. Grimm and Low enough for Mrs. Phelps, if he believed with Dr. Slow in the doctrine of election, why, then they were sure to settle him.

"What a capital wife Lucretia Shaw would make Mr. Lindsay," vouchsafed Miss Rich, shortly after he had adorned the Lennox pulpit. "She's just the person for a parson's wife, —bustling and all."

"I'm afraid she'd take the parish off your hands, Miss Rich," answered Mrs. Phelps, who, having no desire to do the hard work which her neighbor loved, yet grudging her the credit of it.

"Well, there's work enough for two of us in the parish, Mrs. Phelps. I wouldn't be a bit afraid but I'd get my share."

"To be sure," pursued Mrs. Phelps, "Lucretia's smart, and I don't believe in a parson with a doll of a wife who can't darn the children's clothes, and is too feeble to get along without help."

"Yes," put in old Mrs. Smith; "she'd be no end of a step-mother to Mr. Lindsay's boy, and if ever a boy needed a step-mother, it's him. Lucretia's powerful smart, as you say, and she'd make him look Spanish."

"Yes," added Miss Rich, "a widower somehow needs a wife more'n anybody, to sympathize with Lucretia would bring the boy up to the ministry if she had her way."

"Between you and me," said Mrs. Phelps, "I think that the parson goes to the Shaws' rather more than is necessary for the salvation of their souls."

"You can't tell. Perhaps Lucretia has doubts."

"And perhaps," said Dr. Slow—"perhaps it's Miss Susan."

Everybody laughed and cried "Miss Susan!" with fine irony in their tones.

"Who ever heard of Susan having attention!" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"I've engaged Lucretia to embroider a new altar-cloth," explained Miss Rich. "I raised the money for it last month—I tell you it's like pulling teeth to get money out of this parish—and I suppose the parson has to advise her about the proper designs and things. Lucretia isn't well drilled in symbols and such, you know."

In fact everybody in Lennox had decided that Mr. Lindsay should marry Lucretia, and perhaps Lucretia had decided so too, for she was an everlasting time over that altar-cloth and needed no end of advice and instruction; her ignorance and interest were quite

touching. And Mr. Lindsay seemed quite willing to spend his leisure under the Shaws' roof, and watch the sacred symbols growing under the white and shapely hands of Miss Lucretia.

"That hand of Lucretia's will be sure to do the business," somebody had said. "Mr. Lindsay's a man of taste, if he is a clergyman"—as if the two were not usually found combined—"and I heard him say it was fit for a duchess."

Miss Lucretia's hand was, indeed, her loveliest feature, so to speak—white as snow with the prettiest taper fingers, pink at the ends. Once when Mr. Lindsay had mentioned them flatteringly, Miss Susan, who was doing the week's mending near by, drew her own hands under her work, he noticed. Nobody ever took the trouble to flatter Miss Susan. Lucretia sang in the choir, although her voice was as thin as muslin, and she had no ear; nobody dreamed or cared if Susan sang like a seraph; she sat in Lucretia's shadow, and people almost forgot she was there, till they needed her help. Mr. Lindsay had taught the choir himself, and after the altar-cloth could no longer be made a pretext to cover a multitude of calls, there were chants and fugues to practise. One morning, as he drilled Lucretia for half an hour ineffectually, he suddenly turned to Susan.

"Come," he said "try this chant with us, Miss Susan," and Susan opened her mouth and chanted as nobody in the choir had ever chanted before.

"Bravo!" he cried. "When did you learn it?"

"Why I have heard it all my life. Why shouldn't I know it? I couldn't help it."

"We must have you in the choir," he said.

"Susan Shaw in the choir," gasped everybody on the way out of church. "Mr. Lindsay is bringing her out."

"She's Lucretia's sister, you know," explained Miss Rich.

"And her voice rather drowns Lucretia's," said Dr. Slow.

Mr. Lindsay was giving great satisfaction. The parishoners talked of remodeling the old rectory, adding a wing and a bay window, and even spoke of taking in an adjoining field, so that "Lucretia might have a flower garden." They even meditated an increase of salary as soon as he should be settled in the parish, and Mr. Grimm thought he should add a codicil to his will in favor of the new pastor and Lucretia's husband.

"When they're married," reckoned Miss Rich with unchristian thrift, "we shall have all our church trappings embroidered for nothing, I suppose."

"Do you think Susan will live with 'em?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "I suppose she won't care about marrying the whole family."

"He's powerful kind to Susan, though," "He takes a sight of notice of her."

"You kinder forget she's Lucretia's sister," put in Miss Rich, "an' all she's got."

It was surely plain that Mr. Lindsay took pleasure in the society at the Shaw household. At picnic, at prayer meetings or choir meeting, he was always at hand to take Lucretia and Susan home. He lent them his books and directed their reading; and he brought them flowers from town when he happened to go up.

"I shall be so glad to give up the presidency of the Bethel Society and the Dakota League to Lucretia," said Miss Rich. "It's only proper for the clergyman's wife to be at the head of them."

"You'll feel sorter lost without 'em," asked Mrs. Phelps.

"The parish is a large field, I think I can spare time to Lucretia. Do you know, the other night as I was going to watch with Miss Hart when she had inflammation of the lungs, I came across Lucretia and Susan and Mr. Lindsay. I must say I should think Susan would have more taste than to follow 'em everywhere. Why don't she keep herself in the background?"

"She's been pretty much in the background all her life," said Dr. Slow. "Perhaps she's tired of the situation."

"But she ought to have more consideration. Perhaps the lovers don't mind her. There they were, all three of 'em, watching the comet and studying the heavens."

"A proper study for a clergyman," said Dr. Slow.

"And he was pointing out all the constellations, and he seemed to me they were looking at him instead of the stars," pursued Miss Rich.

"It would be a complication," suggested Mrs. Phelps. "If while he's courting Lucretia, Susan should get in love with him."

"It wouldn't be no use," said Mrs. Grimm. "Lucretia's that smart she'd make him believe it was her he was dying for."

"But what's the use of talking about Susan? What ever expects him to marry Susan Shaw? People usually do what's expected of them, and the parish expects Mr. Lindsay to marry Lucretia."

"They want to settle Lucretia, eh?" asked Dr. Slow.

The Shaws had enough to keep the wolf from the door, but nothing to spare; they owned their home but kept no servant. "Help would be dreadfully in their way," Miss Rich declared. "I wonder they don't feel glad they can't afford any."

Susan always wore the simplest garments, which she designed and executed herself, while Lucretia—"Well, if there's anything that unites Lucretia for her future position at the head of the parish," confessed Mrs. Phelps, "it's her love of finery."

Lucretia always blossomed out in a pretty spring bonnet—and Susan made her last year's one answer—and a smart new suit made in the latest wrinkle.

"It's natural," Miss Rich explained; "a girl likes to make the most of herself. Now Susan looks as well in her old things as she would in lady's cashmere; besides, Lucretia earns her ribbons and laces. Ain't she embroidering day and night?"

"Except when she's off skylarking with the parson," said Dr. Slow.

"I'm sure she's always chaperoned by Susan," returned Mrs. Grimm.

"Yes; there ain't been no scession of Susan going about with 'em," added Miss Rich. "She don't seem to have the smallest idea she ain't wanted. She ain't used to lovers, you see."

does the housecleaning and the dusting and sweeping, cooks and mends, I'd like to know."

"Of course Susan does them little things," confessed Miss Rich. "Anybody can do 'em; there's nothing else she knows how to do. Wouldn't it be a pity for Lucretia to waste her time, now, washing dishes, keeping the lodgers' rooms in pickle, spoiling them white hands of hers—pretty enough for a parish to be proud of—when she can make such lovely ferns and flowers as she does?"

"Who made all the evergreen trimmings for the church last Christmas?" asked Dr. Slow. "It wasn't those pretty hands of Lucretia's?"

"Well, she's Lucretia's sister, and that givher a taste for decorations, I suppose," said Mrs. Phelps.

"Mr. Lindsay took Susan out in his boat 'other day,'" said Mrs. Grimm, a few weeks later. "Lucretia had one of her sick headaches. That's what I call real salutary in a pity, it must have been such a bore. It's him, Lucretia's troubled with them headaches, if she's going to be at the head of the parish."

"Oh, what that Susan?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "I thought of course it was Lucretia. I saw them come ashore after dusk, and they stood at the gate and talked till all was blue."

"I suppose they were talking about Lucretia," persisted Miss Rich; "a man always likes to talk about his sweetheart, you know."

"They must have had a heap to say. He seemed as interested as when he's expounding Scripture. They looked mighty affectionate, too. I don't believe Lucretia'd have liked the look of it."

"There ain't nothing jealous about Lucretia; a parson's wife ought to set her face agin such a thing."

It was about this time that the parish picnic occurred—an institution which everybody believed in. Hadn't there been more matches made at the last than during all the year besides? And wasn't it a fine chance to test Mrs. Phelps' recipes, Mrs. Rich's cream pies, and Mrs. Dr. Snow's tarts?

Of course Lucretia went, and Mr. Lindsay with her. Susan happened to be making preserves and pickles that day, and the berries would not keep, so she stayed at home. At about the middle of the afternoon, when they had dinner all cleared away, and things were a little slow, and they wanted somebody to start some music, Mrs. Lindsay was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, he's gone off with Lucretia somewhere," said Miss Rich, who felt it her duty to account for him.

"No; there's Lucretia now, talking about free-will with Dr. Slow."

"I suppose he's gone home to write his sermon," suggested somebody else, the picnic grove being only half a mile from town.

"Or he's fading 'longues in trees and sermons in stones" out there."

But at sunset Mr. Lindsay strolled back, with Susan on his arm, in time to join them at tea, and he and Susan made the coffee, and pitched the tunes they sang before the day ended.

"Now wasn't that real thoughtful in Mr. Lindsay to go after Susan? That's what I call real Christian, and a brother-in-law worth having," commented one old lady.

But when Mrs. Bishop, who had stayed at home with a teething baby, reported that Mr. Lindsay had not gone home to write his sermon, but had walked straight into Susan's kitchen, and had helped her seal up the preserves and set them away, and had sat on the front porch an hour or two afterwards with her—when he might have been with Lucretia—reading secular poetry, and not Dr. Watts or Charles Wesley either, the parish rose in its wrath to a woman. This would never do; Lucretia was not to be trifled with. Mr. Lindsay had inspired hope in her heart; he must marry Lucretia or leave the parish.

"You see," exclaimed Mrs. Phelps, "we want to settle you, Mr. Lindsay. You suit us to a T, but it kinder seems as if you ought to propose to Lucretia Shaw, you've been so attentive."

"Propose to Lucretia Shaw," repeated the young man with a startled air. "What has that to do with settling me? Is every clergyman who comes to Lennox obliged to propose to Lucretia Shaw as a preliminary preparation?"

"Well, no, not exactly," laughed Mrs. Phelps, "not unless he's given the parish reason to expect it. You know we don't want the credit of settling a philandering parson who makes love right and left. I'd no idea the thought would be new to you, but the parish has set its heart on the match, you see, and we wouldn't like to settle a man, if he was eloquent in prayer, who'd trifle with the affections of one of the flock, you know."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Lindsay, "I'm not in love with Lucretia Shaw. You wouldn't have me perjure myself?"

"Not in love with Lucretia! The parish won't believe its own eyes again, I reckon."

"Well," said Mr. Grimm severely, "we couldn't think of settling a preacher that hadn't no more principle than to throw over Lucretia Shaw after taking tea so much to her house, and raising her hopes, as it were."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Lindsay, after a pause,—"perhaps you'll be able to forgive me for not proposing to Lucretia, when I tell you that I have already proposed to Susan. You see it would complicate matters a little if I were to accede to your wishes. However, I have lately received a call from a western parish, and should feel obliged to decline the Lennox parish, even if you had of Willie Duff, of Waukegan, Mass., who had been a larger field of usefulness."

"And larger salary, I suppose," added Mr. Grimm.

"And larger salary," allowed Mr. Lindsay. "Double, in fact."

"I suppose," persisted Miss Rich, after her wedding—"I suppose Lucretia must have trusted him first."—Harper's Bazar.

The Remarkable Cures

Which have been effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are sufficient proof that this medicine does possess peculiar curative power. In the severest cases of scrofula or salt rheum, when other preparations had been powerless, the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought about the happiest results. The case of Miss Sarah C. Whittier, of Lowell, Mass., who suffered terribly from scrofulous sores; that of Charles A. Roberts, of East Wilson, N. Y., who had thirteen abscesses on his face and neck; that of Willie Duff, of Waukegan, Mass., who had hip disease and scrofula so bad that physicians said he could not recover, are a few of the many instances in which wonderful cures were effected by this medicine.

MY LITERARY MISADVENTURE.

On the shrine of a bad cold, I, Radolph du Corduroy, had offered up quinine, lemon juice, whiskey, acornite, iron, onions, hot water, cold water, camphor, cod liver oil, my time, temper, teeth, digestive apparatus and good looks without effecting a cure.

Evidently I should have to write and tell Rosalie Radern that I found myself too ill to go to the theater with her on Friday evening. Would she care, or would she compare me disparagingly with Biceps of the Athletic club, who never took cold? Very likely she would send Biceps word that he might call. I put on a fresh mustard plaster, swallowed half a pint of iron argol, and quinine pill. Then, as I mixed some whiskey and lemon juice, I said to myself: "Du Corduroy, what a lack of mental caliber this is! To curse fate because you can not meet an engagement with an eighteen-year-old girl whom you have known six weeks, and instead of considering the influence of colds upon humanity in general, to be intent upon such petty ramifications of the subject as your own personal ache, rheumatism and tooth-ache!" These reflections, which might have resulted in a mind cure or valuable ethical conclusions, were interrupted by a voice in the hall, which announced, "A note for No. 17." Ha! "No. 17" was myself. A year of camping out in a boarding-house had accustomed me to hearing my self mentioned as "the third floor front," or "No. 17," or "the single young man with the eye-glasses and the striped pants."

At first I objected to "pants," but I learned to accept the truth that "trousers" is an exotic not to be found in the vocabulary of the denizens of a boarding-house. Possibly this was a note from Rosalie, and I smiled and felt for a dime as the messenger handed it to me.

"Mr. Trencher said I was to call again in an hour and a half," he remarked, and immediately disappeared, having probably learned from experience that his communications were not productive of dimes. Mr. Blou Plumm Trencher was the editor of the *Weekly Philistine*. His note read:

"Mr. R. du Corduroy: Your copy was expected this forenoon. Please send as soon as possible, and oblige. B. P. TRENCHER."

I drank the whiskey and lemon juice, and sat down at my desk. Reader, I must be frank with you, and if, in consequence, you omit the rest of this tale, I can not help it. I confess that I was writing a serial story for the *Weekly Philistine*—a journal which rejoiced in supernatural wood-cuts and sensational novelettes. I had conducted a happy family of a detective in citizen's dress, an escaped maniac, a nobleman in incognito, an enigmatical widow, her three daughters, a rich old bachelor, his housekeeper, his dissipated nephew, his false friend, a poor but beautiful orphan girl, and, as a theater programme might add, servants, bandits, and the populace, through eighteen chapters.

Having introduced such incidents as the maniac's suicide, the apparent abduction of one of the daughters, the clandestine marriage of another daughter with the disguised nobleman, and a mysterious robbery, I had the story well in hand—also the cash payments for the same. Drawing occasional inspiration from my carbolio acid inhaler and further doses of whiskey and lemon juice, I hastened my characters through four unusually troublous chapters before the messenger called again. Then I looked in the mirror and saw that my nose was red and swollen, my eyes were half closed, and my throat had been blistered by a hot-water bandage. I tried to smile tenderly, and the class reflected an imbecile squint. I attempted to murmur graciously, "Good evening, Miss Rosalie," and the only audible result, a husky gurgle, completed my despair, and caused me to dash off my note to Rosalie informing her that I was too ill to call on Friday. I delivered it with the manuscript to the messenger, turned out the gas, and groped my way to bed.

Before I go on with the narrative of the consequences of that evening's work, let me describe an incident which was afterward told me in explanation of the sudden advent of one of my visitors on the following Saturday evening, of which informal reception more anon. The 6:15 Saturday evening train for Sparta rolled out of the city filled with the usual miscellaneous throng of suburban residents, laden with the Sunday dinner, the Saturday papers, laundry packages, the silver-trimmed alligator skin hand-bag and the honest market basket uncompromisingly filled with cabbage and corned beef.

Among the passengers were two rough-looking men, who took their seats in front of a pretty girl, whose green tailor-made gown, tortoise-shell lunette, and pensive air were receiving careful attention from the stout matron who shared her seat.

After reading the *Daily Sun*, the *Workman's Herald*, and the *Weekly Philistine*, they whispered together for a moment, and then, growing excited, the following fragments of their conversation might have been overheard: "It is a mighty queer story. It looks like the young feller had eloped with the girl. His disappearance, so all of a sudden, is most likely because that disguised Pinkerton feller is onto him. I don't see that that crazy one's killing himself and then turning up as a chipper as ever is going to be explained."

To which the other replied: "Explained, man! It can't be explained. There was a long account of that lunatic's funeral. That Radolph du Corduroy has done something which he won't be able to account for. Now I say—" What he said was heard only by his companion, as they gathered up their papers and got out at Briggsville. A pretty shop girl and a flashily dressed woman of about thirty, took their places. They also had been reading the *Weekly Philistine*, and the elder remarked as she folded the paper: "I've no doubt he is a swell in disguise. He has married her, I suppose. It has all been very interesting so far, but I do not like the latest developments. How is Du Corduroy going to get out of it, killing that poor fool, and then pretending so calmly not to have done it at all?"

"Well," returned her companion, enthusiastically, "I have liked him all along; I think it is lovely. He will make it all right. It is all the more interesting from being kind of mixed up and queer now."

Only occasional phrases of their conversation were audible after that, and at Chestnut park a policeman and a fast-looking young man in a suit of ready-made clothes took their seats as they left. "You see," said the young man, absently scanning the *Weekly Philistine*, "I seldom notice that sort of thing, but I happened to keep track of this, and it strikes me as an impossible piece of business. Why, I could figure out something better than that myself." "He'll have to explain," said the policeman. "I have to stop an hour in Sparta, and when I go back to the city I shall go and see him and ask him what it means. I can get his address from the *Weekly Philistine*." "Oh, what's the use?" said the other, contemptuously: "That De Coliseum, or De Colorado, or whatever his name is, has made a mistake. He can't explain. He was crazy and committed suicide." And they went into the smoking car. An aristocratic young woman in a green tailor-made gown staggered off the train at Sparta, declined the smelling salts offered her by an observant fellow traveler, and took the train, which happened to be waiting, back to the city.

To return to my own fortunes. On Friday I narrowly escaped brain fever, and the doctor, my friend Brown, hinted that the diet of potato, carbolio acid vapor, quinine, whiskey and lemon juice, and the literary effort to which I subjected myself on Thursday, might have killed me but for the cod liver oil. On Saturday I grew well fast; I seemed young living; I even felt friendly towards Biceps; and as I heard the newspapers calling the *Sun*, the *Herald* and the *Weekly Philistine*, beneath my window, I planned out my next serial story, and even had misty ideas of a novel of which Rosalie would be the heroine. I would call on Rosalie to-morrow. Had she missed me? Perhaps she would not show it if she had. I thought of her frequently throughout the day, and even hoped for a note from her.

My afternoon mail was unusually large—a bill or two, a letter from my brother in the West, and the rest in unfamiliar handwriting, forwarded, as I noticed, from the *Weekly Philistine* office. I copy here a few samples of these surprising communications:

"Mr. Du Corduroy: 'Sir—What do you mean by a killing of a live man? Do you take the reading public for fools? Maybe you were drunk when you got things so mixed; but you had better stop that sort of nonsense and explain, if you do not want to be boycotted. Yours, etc., HIRSH STONE.'"

"MY DEAR MR. CORDUROY—What does it mean? I was so relieved when that unfortunate insane individual killed himself! Was it not an actual suicide? Pray do not have him come to life again. He was so weird! I can hardly wait for the next number, and enclose a stamp, hoping that you will let me know the meaning of your last four chapters. Hoping that you will not consider my note an intrusion, for I am aware that literary men have lots on their minds, I remain your constant reader, 'MIRIAM ESTELLE SPRINGGINS.'"

"MR. R. DU CORDUROY: 'DEAR MR.—I sell the *Weekly Phil*, and my customers are making inquiries, and I think I could write a better story myself, and if there is any sense in the last edition of that of yours we fall to see it, and will feel obliged if you will point it out. Yours as a friend, BILL TIMMINS.'"

There were others, signed and unsigned, coherent and otherwise, written in evident good faith, and written in a satirical vein. Gradually the truth forced itself upon me. I consulted the back numbers of the *Philistine*, and discovered that after having my maniac kill himself in the most harrowing and detailed manner in Chapter 13 I had introduced him in the last paper in Chapter 19, in a particularly vigorous condition, without a word of explanation. I collapsed on the bed, but aroused myself sufficiently to direct the hall boy to admit no callers for a me. After an hour or more the boy announced:

"There's been several fellows here, sir—a queer lot—but I told them you were ill. This one insisted on coming up, and says—"

The poor boy never got any further in that remark. An unseen force sent him half way down the hall, and Mr. B. P. Trencher entered. The revised and expanded version of his remarks, which I feel constrained to give, is comparatively inadequate and lacking in point.

"I would not have had this happen for a thousand dollars. We are the laughing stock of the town, Du Corduroy. Are you in the habit of getting drunk, or are you subject to fits of mental aberration?"

"Mr. Trencher," I replied, "I forgot—I entirely forgot the fact that I had killed that man in a preceding chapter. I was ill. I was seriously ill. It was a most unfortunate result of a state of mind due to physical indisposition."

"Well, sir; will you make up what you are pleased to call your mind about this matter? Why, I have edited this paper twenty years, and I never had such a thing happen before. You say I ought to have read over your copy. I took it for granted that you were a man of sense, that you were to be relied upon. Your copy came late, and I made the greatest mistake of my life in supposing that you were capable of remembering from one week to the next, sir, what you had written. I'll never publish another line you write. Now what do you propose to say in the next paper to explain this mess?"

Above this verbal cyclone I heard a light tap, and managed to gasp, "Come in." In rushed an agitated little figure in a green tailor-made gown, who threw herself into my arms and exclaimed: "Oh, Radolph! have you committed suicide, or gone crazy, or—or—married any one? What have you done? Two horrid-looking men on the cars said that you had eloped, and had gone crazy, and that a detective had discovered you. And two women, very odd-looking women, seemed to know you, and to—like you very much; and a policeman and another man thought that you could not explain yourself. Every one is talking about you. What is the *Weekly Philistine*? Oh dear!" It was Rosalie. She was weeping on my shoulder. She let me kiss her and tell her again and again that I loved her too much to do any of those things. And when at last she looked up for a minute I ceased to fear the rivalry of Biceps or anyone else. A little later Mr. Trencher finished his ob-

servation of the scenery from the window, Rosalie seated herself primly on the edge of a chair, and we discussed the matter of the story.

"Now," said Rosalie, Mr. Trencher having been introduced to her, and my mishap and the nature of the *Weekly Philistine* having been explained to her, "you will insert in the next paper a notice, signed by you, Mr. Trencher, saying that if the public—"

"The discriminating public," I suggested.

"Yes, if the discriminating public will restrain its impatience—"

"Natural impatience," I suggested again.

"Natural impatience, it will soon understand—"

"The recent startling developments in Mr. Du Corduroy's tale," sadly from me.

"Which more than usually illustrates his peculiarly attractive style," from Trencher.

"And original conceptions of plot and character," triumphantly, from Rosalie.

"Very good," said Trencher. "On the whole, it will be a fine advertisement. But how will you explain it?" he asked me, but he looked at Rosalie.

"Oh, he can do it," she replied. "I will help him."

Between us we managed to concoct an explanation of the resuscitation of my suicide. It spoiled the story from an artistic point of view, but Trencher says that he never published a more popular serial.

Now I am a member of the firm of Radern & Du Corduroy, bankers, and the only stories I compose are for a listener who is not over critical if I confuse the plot—my little daughter Rosalie.—Harper's Weekly.

House Cleaning from a Man's Standpoint.

The time of the year has come when the spring poets go forth unto the cruel editor with their M.S. carefully tucked under their arm, and after an interview with that worthy individual, he then hence to bloom out again with the first buds of April.

I sit high upon a step-ladder, kindly donated to me as a study by my wife, while she, with a score of hired assistants, proceeds to clean the house from top to bottom, and vice versa.

This strikes me as something more certain than the tale of the blossoms so plaintively told in the "Mikado," of the "flowers that bloom in the spring." The frosts may nip the flowers, the cold winds of winter whistle away into May, but as certain as my wife's life, this never fails to dawn. It is what Amelle Rives might call "a certain certainty on certainities."

The floor is covered with mops and water; the chairs find a resting-place upon the tables; the windows (or the frames from which the windows have been ejected into the back yard) are necessarily open, and from the lawn comes the sound of children's voices—those of the neighbors who have gathered around to view the show.

Suddenly there rises to my ears (wafted up over the step ladder to do so) angry voices, and I find on looking down that Mrs. O'Flynn, the lady from the Emerald Isle who had volunteered to assist for a modest sum in the household upturning, has avenged herself upon one of the afore-said kids by turning the hose with which she has been washing the house front, as a reply to his salutation, "Biddy was a hummer."

I tremble for further developments, but it is soon settled by a general scurrying of juvenile feet to their respective abodes, followed by a wholesale shower of missiles from Mrs. O'Flynn, which I recognize from my elevated view as the wedding presents bestowed upon us by loving

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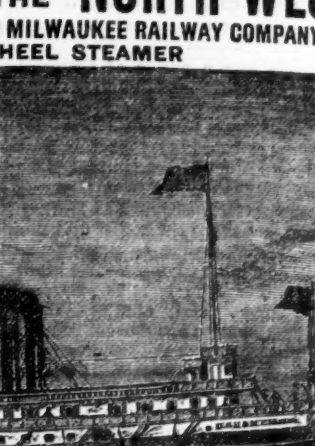
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